

Ayrus
TALES

ZERO HOUR

CODE RED FOR ARYAN



**WRITTEN BY
SURYA SKANDA SG**



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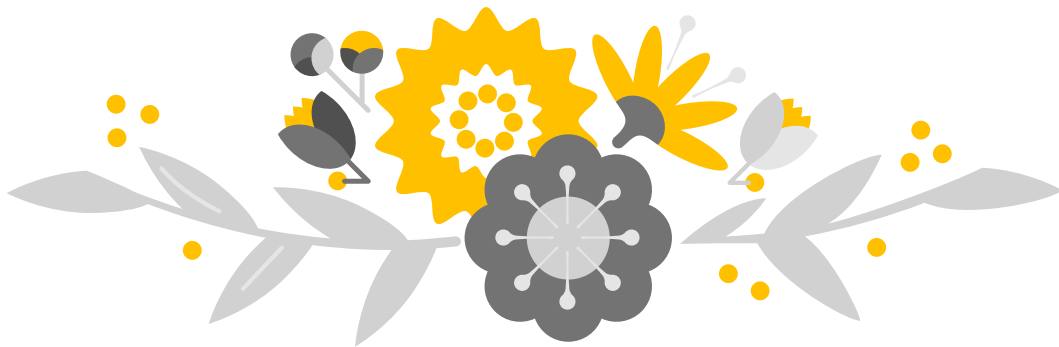
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ZERO HOUR

CODE RED FOR ARYAN

ABOUT

"Zero Hour: Code Red for Aryan" is a high-stakes thriller about the **QUESTION PAPER MAFIA**, a hidden empire that controls exams, ranks, and futures. When a rebellious student uncovers the truth, he sets off a chain of events that shake the system. But in a world where power buries secrets, exposing the truth comes at a deadly cost.



INTRODUCTION

News Channel Studio – Breaking Exclusive

The screen flickered ON AIR. A prime-time news broadcast. The anchor, a sharp-suited man with rehearsed concern, leaned forward.

"Tonight, we bring you the story of India's biggest academic scandal—the question paper mafia. A web of corruption so deep, it reaches the highest offices of power. And at the centre of it all... one name echoes through the MAFIA."

**The anchor sighs in ignorance,
"Aryan."**

The camera cut to an old man, his face lined with grief and exhaustion. His hands trembled as he held onto a piece of paper—an old report card, its ink faded with time.

"I am Aryan's father," he said, voice heavy with pain. "And this is the story of my.... son."

The studio fell silent. The anchor didn't interrupt. Nobody did.

**The old man took a deep breath
and...looked at the anchor while his eyes
were filled...and he sighed in sorrow...**

**AYRUS TALES
PRESENTS...**

CODE **RED** FOR ARYAN

CHAPTER I: *THE LAST CHANCE*

The red marks on Aryan's exam paper felt like a death sentence. 49 out of 100. Fail. Again.

His fingers curled into a fist as he stared at the numbers that mocked him. Three years in this great college, three years of burning the midnight oil, memorizing formulas that refused to stick in his head. And still, Advanced Mathematics was his personal hell.

The fan creaked overhead, pushing around the stench of sweat, cheap coffee, and failure that clung to his cramped hostel room. He exhaled, rubbing his temples, trying to ignore the pounding headache.

His father's voice rang in his head.

"Study well, beta. This is your last chance. We've given everything for your education."

He let out a bitter chuckle. What education? The system was rigged. Toppers weren't the smartest—they were the ones who played the game right. And Aryan? He was just another pawn, stuck in a system that was designed to crush people like him.

A sharp knock on the door broke his thoughts.

"Oi, genius! Open up."

Ravi. His roommate. And the only guy who actually cared.

Aryan opened the door. Ravi came in; an excitement across his face like he had just cracked the secret to life itself.

"Bro, forget studying. I have a shortcut."

Aryan rolled his eyes. "Last time you said that, we almost got caught sneaking into the exam hall."

Ravi flopped onto the bed, shaking his head. "No, no. This time, it's legit."

Aryan folded his arms. "I'm listening."

Ravi leaned, voice dropping in seriousness.

"I know a guy. He sells leaked question papers."

Aryan's heart skipped a beat. His grip on the exam paper tightened.

"A leaked question paper?" His voice came out.

"100% real, bro," Ravi was way too confident. "Many toppers use it. You just need ₹50,000."

Aryan laughed. A cold, humourless laugh. "₹50,000? You think I have that kind of money lying around?"

"Think of it as an investment," Ravi said, eyes gleaming. "One time. You pass, you get a job, you'll never need this again."

The words drilled into Aryan's mind, repeating like a broken record.

This was it. His last chance.

He had two choices:

- 1. Stick to the honest way and fail. Again.**
- 2. Buy the paper. Cheat the system. Win.**

A storm raged inside him. But in the end,

"Fine," he muttered. "Tell me what I need to do."

Ravi grinned. "Good choice, my friend."

And just like that, Aryan took his first step into the underworld of the question paper mafia.

CHAPTER 2:

THE DEAL WITH THE DEVIL

Two days later, Aryan transferred the money.

The instructions were simple. A Telegram group. A fake name. A single message:

"Payment done. Send the file."

Seconds later, a notification popped up.

Download: FinalExam_AdvMath.pdf

His hands shook as he clicked it open.

And there they were—all ten questions. Clear, direct, exactly like last year's pattern.

His pulse roared in his ears. It worked. It actually worked.

He barely slept that night. He didn't need to. Because for the first time in years, he knew he was going to pass.

The next morning, he walked into the exam hall, a newfound confidence settling in his bones. No sweaty palms. No panic attacks. Just a quiet certainty.

He flipped the question paper over. Every single question was there.

Three hours later, he walked out, feeling invincible.

Everything had changed.

Or so he thought.

CHAPTER 3: *THE TRAP*

One week later, Aryan's results were out.

92% in Advanced Mathematics.

He had done it. He had won.

For the first time in years, his name wasn't in the bottom ranks. He wasn't a failure anymore. No one would look at him with pity. No one would doubt his abilities.

He could almost hear his father's voice—proud, relieved.

But before he could celebrate, his phone buzzed.

Ravi.

"Bro... I failed." His voice was shaky, confused.

Aryan frowned. "What? But you had the paper too!"

"That's the thing," Ravi whispered. "My questions were different from yours."

A chill ran down Aryan's spine.

"What do you mean different?"

"I got scammed." Ravi's breath was unsteady. "And not just me—dozens of students. Some got the real paper, some got fake ones. Everyone's panicking. What colour code was your Question Paper?"

Aryan gripped his phone tighter.

"Colour code? What code? I don't know"

Ravi said, "Check the pdf bro" (Ravi was crying in the background)

Aryan checked on the pdf and said "CODE RED!"

"What did you get?"

Ravi while crying said, "CODE GREY".

This was bad. Really bad.

Then, Aryan's screen lit up with an unknown number.

1 New Message:

"You want the real deal? Meet me at 2 AM. Come alone at Krishnan tea stall."

His blood turned cold.

This wasn't over. It was just beginning.

CHAPTER 4: *THE REAL MAFIA*

The tea stall at 2 AM was deserted. The streetlights flickered, casting long shadows over the empty road.

A single man sat at a corner table, stirring his tea slowly. His face was half-hidden in the dim light, but his voice was calm. Too calm.

"You got scammed because you're an amateur," he said without looking up.

Aryan stiffened. "Who are you?"

The man took a slow sip before answering.

"Shankar Anna."

Aryan's stomach twisted. He had heard that name before—whispered in hostel corridors, spoken in hushed tones. A middleman in India's biggest question paper mafia.

Shankar leaned back in his chair. "You think leaking papers is as easy as downloading a file from Telegram?" He chuckled. "Kid, this is a ₹500 Crore business. You don't just buy papers. You buy power."

Aryan swallowed. "Who's behind it?"

Shankar's smile didn't fade. "People you don't mess with—politicians, university officials, businessmen. They don't just sell papers. They control the entire system."

Aryan felt his throat go dry.

"Then why are you telling me this?"

Shankar tapped the table with his fingers. "Because I see potential in you."

Aryan blinked. "What?"

"Why stay a customer," Shankar smirked, "when you can become a seller?"

Aryan's pulse quickened.

He had walked into a trap. But now, he had a choice—walk away, or step into the shadows.

CHAPTER 5: *THE BUSINESS OF CHEATING*

Aryan started small.

Shankar gave him a simple job—find students willing to buy leaked papers. ₹1 Lakh per subject. No refunds, no complaints.

At first, Aryan hesitated. But once the money started coming in, the hesitation vanished.

In just two months, he had made more money than his father's entire yearly salary.

And it wasn't just students. Coaching centres, school principals, even college professors—everyone wanted a piece of the business.

The system wasn't broken. It was working exactly as designed.

Aryan stopped studying. Why waste time solving problems when he could sell the answers?

He had everything now—money, power, respect.

But in the world of crime, greed is a slow poison. And Aryan was about to learn that lesson the hard way.

CHAPTER 6: THE LEAK THAT CHANGED EVERYTHING

Aryan's world was a maze of secrets, deals, and whispers. For months, everything ran smoothly. The money poured in, students lined up to buy question papers, and the network of corruption spread like wildfire.

He wasn't just a player anymore—he was part of the system.

Then, one morning, the news broke.

"Massive Question Paper Leak Exposed! Government Orders Investigation."

Aryan stared at the TV screen in shock. The headline blazed in bold letters. News anchors debated the scandal with dramatic urgency, flashing blurry CCTV images of suspects.

And then, his worst fear came true.

The screen changed to a list of leaked question papers.

His eyes scanned the list, his breath quickening.

Advanced Mathematics – Final Exam (Code: Aki245)

That was his paper.

His hands trembled as he grabbed his phone. Messages flooded in.

"Bro, we're screwed!"

"They're tracing payments!"

"Delete everything. Now!"

Aryan's heart pounded. His phone buzzed again—Shankar Anna.

He answered immediately.

"Stay low," Shankar's voice was calm but deadly serious. "Do not contact anyone. If they find you, we can't save you."

Aryan swallowed hard. "How bad is it?"

"Bad," Shankar said. "The government is under pressure. They need scapegoats. The small players—people like you—will go down first."

The call ended.

Aryan's mind raced. His bank accounts, his contacts, his messages—they could all lead back to him.

He grabbed his laptop, wiping everything clean.

But he was already too late.

CHAPTER 7: THE BETRAYAL

A knock at the door

His stomach twisted. No one came to his room unannounced.

Slowly, he opened it.

Outside stood two men in plain clothes. Police.

"Aryan Varma?" one of them asked.

Aryan's blood ran cold.

"You need to come with us."

His instincts screamed RUN. But his legs wouldn't move.

They took him to the station. A dimly lit room. A steel table. A single chair.

Across from him, a police officer sat, staring at him like he was nothing.

"Tell us who else is in the scam, or else you too will end up living Zero hours " the officer said, voice firm.

Aryan asked "What zero hours? In confusion"

The officer smiled "you are not alone"

Aryan clenched his fists. He knew the rules of this world—you talk, you die.

So, he stayed silent.

The officer smirked. "Fine. Maybe your friend can talk for you."

A door opened.

And in walked Ravi.

Aryan's breath caught in his throat.

His best friend. His brother. The one who had brought him into this mess.

Ravi's face was pale, his hands shaking. He wouldn't meet Aryan's eyes.

The officer leaned back in his chair. "He told us everything."

Aryan felt the ground slip beneath him.

His best friend had betrayed him.

The officer smirked. "Now, let's talk about you."

Aryan didn't remember much after that.

The questions. The accusations. The endless pressure to confess.

By morning, Shankar Anna had him bailed out.

The moment he stepped out of the station, he knew—he wasn't safe anymore.

Then, the next morning, the news came.

"Student Found Dead in River—Suspected Suicide."

Aryan's breath hitched. Ravi.

His friend. His betrayer. Now, just another body floating in the water.

Indirectly this was a message for Aryan.

"You don't leave the mafia. Ever."

Now, the real nightmare begins.

CHAPTER 8: THE LAST CHOICE

Aryan sat in his small, dimly lit room.

The walls, once filled with books and notes, now felt like a prison. His phone lay on the table, silent—too silent.

Outside, the city roared like nothing had happened. But inside him, a war raged.

Ravi was dead.

Murdered, not "suicided." Aryan knew it. Everyone knew it. But no one would say a word.

He glanced at the laptop screen. The files were still open. Chat logs. Bank transactions. A full list of every student who had ever paid for a leaked paper.

Evidence that could burn the entire system to the ground.

His fingers hovered over the keyboard. One email, and everything would be exposed.

But he also knew the truth.

The moment he pressed "Send," he was a dead man.

His phone buzzed. Unknown Number.

He hesitated, then answered.

A deep voice spoke. "Aryan... let's not make stupid decisions."

His blood turned to ice.

Shankar Anna.

"We took care of Ravi because he was weak," the voice continued. "We gave you power. Money. You're smarter than him, aren't you?"

Aryan clenched his jaw. "I never asked for this."

"You didn't. But now, you're in it. There's no running, boy. Either you stay with us, or you disappear like the rest."

The call ended.

Aryan's hands shook. They were watching him.

He ran to the window, pulling back the curtain just an inch.

A black SUV was parked across the street. Two men inside. Not moving. Just... waiting.

His breath quickened.

They weren't giving him a choice.

He turned back to his laptop. The email draft was still open.

Two options.

Run. Leave the city, change his identity, and disappear forever. Become a ghost.

Fight. Expose the scam. Take down the mafia. But... at what cost?

His pulse pounded in his ears.

No matter what he chose, he would never be free again.

He took a deep breath. And made his decision.

His fingers moved. Click. Attach Files.

He copied every document—bank transfers, conversations, leaked papers. Everything.

Then, he typed one email address.

press@nationalnews.com

Subject: The Truth About India's Exam Scam

Attach: Evidence.zip

He stared at the "Send" button.

Outside, the SUV door opened. A man stepped out, lighting a cigarette. Waiting. Watching.

Aryan exhaled.

No turning back now.

He pressed SEND.

The email was gone. Out of his hands. His life was now a countdown.

A sudden knock at the door made him jump.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

His breath caught. They were here.

He had minutes.

His backpack was already half-packed. He grabbed his laptop, cash, a fake ID—all the escape plans he had prepared in secret.

He moved fast. Out the backdoor. Down the stairs. Into the alley.

The SUV's engine roared to life. They knew. They were coming.

Aryan ran.

Two hours later, a breaking news alert flashed across the country.

"EXAM SCAM EXPOSED—TOP UNIVERSITY OFFICIALS UNDER INVESTIGATION!"

The files were out. The truth had been unleashed.
EVERYTHING WAS OPEN TO THE WORLD

The anchor interrupted the old man in curiosity,
Anchor said “(in sadness) oh my god, I’m so sad to be a part of such society where a student is trapped and made to suffer, Great that Aryan found a way to escape the trap”

Then the anchor asked” But I have a question, why didn’t Aryan tell you about the great scores he got, and just find a best job and lived happily instead of getting in-touch with the criminal Shankar”

The old man in sadness answered “It was all my fault, the previous night before the results, I had texted Aryan saying “If you fail, don’t ever contact me. Just forget that your parents exist” and that night I had thought that Aryan would fail. By the tension that I

had to face the society as a father of a failure. And due to this, I had blocked his contact.” (cries) It’s us, The Parents, who pressurize the children regarding these scores. If I had supported him in what he is interested in... this wouldn’t happen. (cries while saying this)

The studio was in strong silence

The anchor asked “but, where is Aryan. What happened to him why was he unavailable for this exclusive?”

The old man had nothing to say...

But Aryan was gone.

Some say he changed his name and vanished.

Some say he left the country.

Some say he was caught. Silenced. Buried where no one would ever find him.

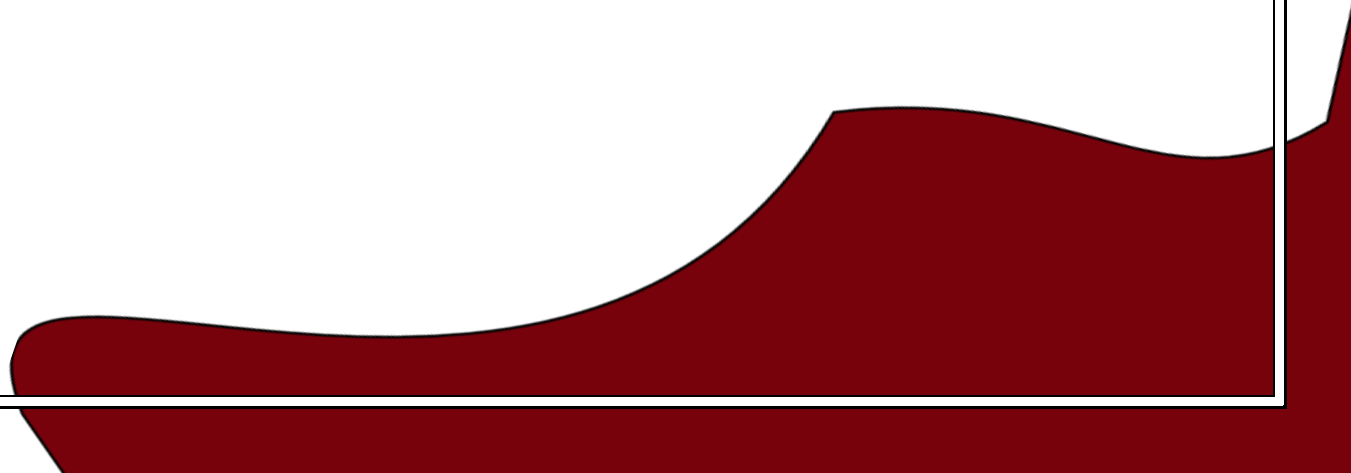
But those who really knew him, knew one thing—

He was still running.

Because some secrets are too big to keep.

And some sins... are too big to escape.

THE END



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